

## Pheromones and Dragon Scales

### Chapter 1: Happy Freeegan Birthday!

Max

“This can’t be happening!” I was running down the street, desperately trying to get my wings to lift me up. I hadn’t fully matured as a drake yet, so I could hardly glide, let alone fly. It was a foolhardy and desperate attempt at trying to escape the crowd of furs pursuing me.

“Max! You little FAG! Get back here!” That jet-black wolf shouting at me was Chad, quarterback and professional homophobe. He has tormented me ever since I transferred over to public school. I dared not look back, not only to keep running and maybe get some lift, but also because I couldn’t look at his eyes. Those coppery brown orbs struck fear into me as if they were the tip of the Spartan spear that the football team is named after.

Me, I am the only scaly in town. I am a red dragon, well, mostly so. My parents say I haven’t really hit my prime yet, but I think that’s just them being nice. My scales were a powdery red and my underbelly a faded black, a piss poor comparison to my parent’s deep rich scales. My wings were made of black hide framed by my red appendages. I was supposed to have horns, but they were just little nubs on my skull. To top it all off, my scales had an oily sheen that left rainbows on them that basically shouted gay!

I mean, it was true, but I didn’t need that kind of billboard in high school.

The entire football team in their red and white uniforms was running after me. This is typical if I couldn’t get going fast enough out of the school. If I didn’t beat the team to their practice, I was forced to walk by the football field on my way home. Ever since the fall season started, I’ve had to deal with a daily beating from hormonally channeled assholes. From past experience, I had about thirty seconds

before my head start was closed by Brian. The dark brown stallion was a hell of a defender. He knew how to chase and tackle you to the ground. If he got me, the rest of the team would follow and I'd be in trouble.

"Come on, FLY!" I shouted desperately flapping my wings and only managing to stay airborne for about three seconds before being forced back down by gravity. All I managed to do was cut my thirty seconds in half. I abandoned the idea of flying away and folded in my wings. I dashed for the gas station a block away from the football field.

I ran inside and jumped behind the counter and cowered under Jared. Jared is a plump leopard who managed the station and frequently takes pity on me. Many times he's let me hide here until the football team's rampage is over. Jared didn't even need to ask what I was doing, he knew the drill. I heard the front door bang open and heard the hooves of Brian clop into the station. He came up to the counter and asked Jared where I was and said I had run through the store and out the back way.

Brian didn't even thank him and just ran out the front and shouted to the others to circle around back. Mike and Mick, the twin rabbits were out there by Chad, his yes boys. Vincent, a reindeer, was leaning on Noah, the rhino, who was breathing heavily. Noah had his hands on his knees cussing something to Nick the cheetah.

I waited till Jared told me it was clear. I thanked him and went out the front. I really didn't think they would chase me today because it was my birthday, but I guess not. They were going to give me a bruise fore every year from each of the people on the team, and I didn't want eighteen from all of them at once.

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Later that night, I was home alone, in the grand dining room, by myself, with a cupcake. Like the saddest game of Clue. My parents were loaded, but nobody knew that except maybe the principal. I know it's a cliché, but if I was going to make any friends I wanted them to like me for who I am, not what I could buy them. I guess that didn't work either, because I don't have anyone. I guess the closest thing I've made to a friend was Jared, and he just communicated with grunts and nods most of the time.

You're probably wondering why I'm alone on my birthday, well it's simple, I asked for it.

My parents had a whole party set up, but I told them that all I wanted this year was a day by myself, because I wanted time to brood over my horrible life. After a long time of arguing with them, they agreed to go on a cruise for a week and take the servants with them, so I had the mansion to myself.

I decided yesterday to make myself a cake for myself, but ended up making several failed attempts at cupcakes. I had the only one not completely burnt to charcoal in front of me with a single lit candle on it. My mother told me back a long time ago that the wish a dragon makes on his eighteenth birthday will surely come true. I am a little superstitious, so I was thinking of what to wish for.

I wanted something more from life. I was going to wish for a friend or something cheesy like that, but I gave up and just looked at the candle. I watched as the wax slowly melted down that dwindling candle. I looked into the flame and let my mind wander, but all I could think about was the damn football team! They are so insufferable! They tormented me from day one; Mick and Mike were the first to tease me about my nubby horns. Then it was Brian calling me short. Then it was Noah and Nick beating me up behind the school. And then there was Chad. CHAD! That asshole! He has done more to me than the rest of them combined. Swirlies, noogies, wet willies, and more bruises than I could count.

I let out a breath that I didn't even notice I was holding and looked at my hand gripping the table so hard it was painful. That's when I knew what I wanted to wish for. I grabbed the muffin and looked into the flame like it was the eye of a mystical being.

"Ok," I said in a half-crazed voice, "I know what I want. I want to be powerful, not just powerful, but extremely powerful. I want power that could conquer those testosterone soaked, cunt sniffing, assholes a hundred times over!" and with that I took a deep breath and blew out the candle splattering wax onto the tablecloth. I threw the muffin into the garbage without taking a bite and went upstairs to my room where I cried myself to sleep.

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I woke up the next day on a damp pillow in my king-sized bed. The only thing I could think about was how terrible my day was going to be. I wasn't going to get back to sleep anytime soon, so I got up and went over to the bathroom for my morning shower. I pulled off my boxers and let my small five inch morning wood and balls flop out.

Once I started washing myself, I started to think of Chad. He may be an asshole, but he was the hottest guy in school. I have seen him naked before, he likes to show off his outrageously large, only half hard, eleven inch cock against his eight-pack in the showers to make all the other guys feel small. My dick couldn't get any harder, but it ached trying.

I had the time, so I decided to paw off. In all of two minutes I was shooting my load and it was one of the best orgasms I had ever had. Every muscle in my body tensed and I had to put my paw on the side of the glass of the shower to prevent myself from falling. I had let loose about a tablespoon of cum, twice as much as I usually do, on the glass of the shower wall. I looked down at my still erect five inch

cock, dripping cum on the shower floor. I had never come so hard before, and my cum was never that white and creamy. And that musky smell, it was everywhere.

I took one of the washcloths and started to clean up my mess on the frosted glass and continued my shower. My body was abuzz with my afterglow. It had never lasted so long before. Once I got out, I grabbed a towel and started to dry myself off starting with my head...and the towel caught! My horns had become a little sharper and a little longer, not much, but it was a start. I headed over to the mirror to look at my horns and to inspect their changes.

The horns had started to get a little darker from their ivory white. They were a little longer and their tips were sharper than before. A cool draft wafted past me so I flipped the switch by the mirror to turn on the heated floors and continued to dry myself. I went to my chest and I felt a thunderbolt of pleasure rocket through me.

“What the hell was that!” once I regained my composure. I looked at my chest and nothing had changed...wait a minute. My black scales looked a little darker and my reds too. I started to marvel at my new colors and started to feel all over my lithe body and then all of a sudden I felt that bolt of pleasure again.

“What is that! God!” I looked at myself in the mirror and started to feel around the spot I was touching when I felt that pleasure, around my breast...! Nipple! It was practically as good as stroking my cock, damn it felt so good to just brush up against them. I started to tweak them and it felt like someone was injecting pleasure straight through my nipples and into my body. I tugged and GOD!!! I fell to my knees in pleasure. I started to sweat and I used it to grease up my fingers and rub my nipples harder, tug them more fluidly, twist them harder.

I fell on my back, immobilized by the sheer static pleasure tingling around my nipples. It was so different, so out of place...but I loved it! My cock was as hard as steel and was dripping pre down its length, each bead like a separate tongue going down my shaft. When did I get so sensitive!? I was worried that this was something bad, that something in me was wrong, but another explosion of pleasure dismissed all those thoughts and replaced them with a sea of euphoria.

I felt energy explode in each of my nipples and it was like an orgasm in my chest, every muscle in my body tensed and I let out a roar, and...milk came out of them! Yes, milk was definitely shooting out of my nipples, and some of it shot into my gaping maw. It was tangy, sweet, spicy, bitter...it was like nothing I had ever tasted and it made every taste bud on my tongue dance with pleasure. The taste was so euphoric that it sent me over the edge, my cock exploded for the second time within ten minutes! It had never done that before, it usually takes me a whole day before I can induce another erection, but two in the same morning?! It was amazing; the second was twice as amazing as the first. It sent another tablespoon all over my chest, a little hitting my chin.

I laid on the heated floor for about ten minutes in my afterglow, it was...indescribable. Evidently, I never had such an afterglow before, it was like a warm ball of heat was flowing through my body and each muscle ached with the exhaustion of an extensive work out. Believe me when I say I knew what that was like. I used to work out for hours with no results; it was a real self-esteem killer.

I decided after a while that I would have to get going soon if I was going to walk to school so I used my washcloth to clean up the mess and went to get dressed. I usually wear black briefs, but my cock was so sensitive that the fabric was just too uncomfortable. I grabbed a pair of black boxers instead and put on some jean shorts and a plain white shirt.

I grabbed my black and white backpack and a breakfast muffin to eat on the way. I left through the grand foyer and started the long walk to school. I usually meditate on my way to school, but all I

could think of was the little escapade I had in the bathroom. It was so great that sex invaded every thought in my mind, and my shirt started to feel a little tight because it was constantly rubbing against my nipples. I seriously started thinking of going into a gas station along the way and paw off in one of the bathrooms, but I eventually won over my urges and continued my walk.

I pulled out my phone and saw that I only had ten minutes before class started.

“Shit! I’m not going to make it.” I started to run and flap my wings to up my speed. I rose a couple of inches off the ground, but I didn’t go back down! I was so surprised that I lost focus and hit the ground running again. I was so amazed; I just had to try again. This time I went up a couple of feet and then another foot and then another then another, until I was ten feet off the ground.

I started to gain altitude fast and I was soon hovering above the homes and stores and churches and every street in-between. I could even see the school a couple blocks away. I was so happy that I just shot towards the school. It was funny how flying worked, how to lean your body forward and just let your wings take you. It was like second nature and the wind on your scales, the feeling of energy in your wings, the weightlessness was all so grand! This had to be the happiest day of my life! In less than two minutes I was on the roof of the school heading for the entrance for the airborne kids practically dancing my way through the threshold.

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The day went on as usual with me dodging the football team in the halls to get to class, but I was constantly getting aroused. Hunching over to hide from people was usual behavior for me, but today it was for an entirely different reason. Shure my orgasms were amazing, but these erections were

seriously getting on my nerves, and increasingly more pleasurable and teasing. I was in sixth hour when I couldn't take it anymore.

"Mr. Gerald?" I raised my hand, "I really, really need to go to the bathroom." I got a few giggles from the class due to my child-like voice.

"You should have gone at lunch Max. Sit down and..." he looked at me with my hunched holding my stomach like I was having craps, "Max are you ok?"

"No..." I knew my next words would damage my reputation, but damn it, "I ate some bad food last night, we went out for seafood for my birthday and I think...ugh!" I grabbed my stomach, but it was really to hold in a moan from the pleasure my shirt was giving to my erect nipples.

"Ok Max," he said, "go to the bathroom. The front office will send you home. You shouldn't have come to school today if you felt sick."

"Thanks," I said as I got up with my hunched-over position.

"And Max." I turned in the doorway, "The next time you feel sick just say so, you don't have to hide it, and don't forget the pass." Mr. Gerald tossed me the wooden block hall pass and I went to the bathroom, my tail tucked in between my legs.

Once I got to the handicap stall, I locked it and pulled down my pants and lifted up my shirt over my head and instantly started to play with my nipples. I let out a low moan as I felt the bolts of pleasure shoot through my chest. I was still a little worried about the milk that came out of them before, but I could worry about that later. Right now all I wanted was to shoot for that state of euphoria.

I played with my nipples and tugged them and squeezed them until my cock started to drip pre like a broken faucet. I let go of one of my nipples to wrap my hand around my cock. I was surprised, it



felt a little thicker than before. I must have been really hard to get thicker like this, but then I didn't care because it felt so good. I started to slowly stroke up and down, static pleasure tingling up and down my spine and into my prostate.

My other hand was twisting my nipple and pulling it letting my mind fly into rolling hills and waves of pleasure, and then it all came crashing down when I heard the door to the restroom swing open. I froze like a deer caught in the headlights. The feet of the person picking up and falling with a sound of confidence. Then I heard a cellphone unlock, numbers being dialed, and the sound of a zipper coming undone.

The person crossed the stall door to go to the farthest urinal from the entrance and I caught just one glimpse of him in the crack of the door. It was like a nightmare come true; it was Chad. I had to stifle a yelp, but a little squeak came out, luckily Chad's shoes squeaked on the floor at the same time and covered up my noise. I waited for him to settle and position himself in front of the urinal. Then he let out a relaxing sigh as I heard his piss fall against the porcelain of the urinal.

Damn this guy pees like Seabiscut it was torture every second I had to listen to him piss and text on his cell, but then he did something that terrified me. He sniffed the air, he took in deep breaths through his nose.

"Shit," I jumped at the sound of his voice, "what's that smell!" I took a few sniffs myself and noticed it was me! Damn that canine nose of his! My pre had practically saturated the air with its musk. Once Chad's piss tapered off I heard him go to the stall next to me. He closed it and then I heard his pants falling to the floor.

“Shit...” I heard him say again, then a moan of pleasure and the sound of wet flapping noises. Is he...pawing off? That’s when I heard him hit his fist against the wall separating us and I practically jumped out of my scales.

“No!” he said, “I’m no fag! Shit! Fuck!” the flapping sound became louder and faster and then I heard him discard his shirt and then his shoes, “Fuck its hot in here! Shit that smell,” then he let out a low growl. Then his bare foot paw started poking out from under the stall from his widening stance. Each of his toes were curling and uncurling in pleasure and I was slowly pushing myself farther and farther away from him. Then I did the biggest mistake in my life; my hand slipped and pushed down on the flush handle of the toilet.

The sound may as well have been a gunshot. Chad’s foot paw retracted into his stall, “Who the *FUCK* is there!” he shouted. He burst out of the stall and then he started banging his fist against my stall door, “You little gay fucker! You spying on me in the bathroom!” he shouted, “Shit!” he said and I heard that flapping sound again, was he still pawing off!?

Then I heard a loud bang and the door bowed and retracted, almost coming undone. Then the next one undid the door and it swung inward. Chad was standing there with his sixteen inch cock fully erect, knot swollen, and pre-soaked jeans. His eyes bugged out when he saw me and then his eyes fell on my wet cock and then his grimace turned into anger. Chad took slow steps towards me his legs shaking every step of the way.

“Max...I should have known,” his breath labored and heavy, “you little...you little...that smell is...” he reached me and grabbed my trembling form by the shoulders and brought his face close to mine, “you smell...you smell...” he shook his head, but he only got closer to me then he wrapped his arms around me. He practically squeezed the life out of me, “Shit...fuck...fuck...fuck, fuck, Fuck, Fuck, *FUCK!!!*” He let out an earsplitting howl while his cock exploded and his seed got all over my chest and

some of it hit my face. His orgasm lasted what felt like minutes, coating my entire chest with his jizz. I couldn't move, I was frozen in fear and his iron grip held me in place. Chad fell to his knees, massaging my ass with his powerful hands. His cock was still dripping cum.

Then the weirdest thing happened, I felt his tongue wrap its way around my cock and started to suckle it. His fingers slowly finding their way into my tight pucker. When his first digit went in my knees buckled and Chad held me up by the sheer strength of his arms by cupping my ass.

He slowly went down and then his head started to shake with resistance. He started to pull off of my cock.

"No," he growled, "I'm no FAG!" and with that he plunged down onto my cock again, sucking like it was his only air source at the bottom of the ocean. My vision blurred and my hips started to buck into Chad's mouth, face fucking him. If masturbating was amazing, then this was sinful bliss. My entire body had that burning sun feeling all over me, and it was building up in my throat, getting hotter and hotter. My mind was on fire with pleasure, I was so close and Chad wasn't letting up, he was getting better by the second, adjusting to my reactions to my ass and his menstruations.

I looked down at Chad, his head bobbing back and forth in rhythm with my thrusts, tears streaking his face. I started to wonder if he was crying from my gag reflex or if he was emotionally distressed, but then I realized I didn't care. He could cry all he wanted. He deserves those tears. You can cry me a river Chad. I grabbed his cute doggy ears that were folded back and started to force my cock deeper into his maw and that's when the damns broke and I let out a roar of power.

That flaming sun in my throat burst out in beautiful flames. Fire scorched the ceiling in a rainbow of colors. Reds, oranges, yellows, greens, blues, even violets blasted forth from my maw in a feral roar. Chad gulped and sucked down my cum so hard I felt my cock go in a bit deeper sending me

into another orgasm. The ceramic tiles on the ceiling weren't made for this, but at least they only darkened against my flames instead of catching fire. Still the sheer force and power of those flames were euphoric in their own right.

I felt something hit my legs and I instantly knew Chad was cumming again. The fire in my throat died out with my orgasm and Chad fell back on his ass. Chad's eyes were wild with panic. I felt a little awkward for the guy, but most of all I felt fear. What was he going to do now? Tell the principal that I scorched the ceiling? That I raped him in the bathroom? The reaction I saw was something I never expected.

"Max," he said tears running down his eyes, "I'm...I'm..."

I waited for him to say 'I'm going to kill you!' I curled up in the corner. Why would he suck me off like that? Chad is the straightest, most homophobic guy in school. The fact that he did this is completely out of character and so bizarre that, now that my head was starting to clear from the euphoria, I had thousands of questions.

"I'm..." his voice cracked and he started to take deep breaths as he crawled towards me on his stomach, "I..." he slowly clawed forward, eyes constantly leaking, face contorted in an indecipherable grimace. I had never seen Chad so angry so mad that he plastered his face in such a disgusting fashion.

"..." he mumbled something under his breath, but it wasn't a death threat, I thought he said something like 'I'm marly cary'. He must have noticed that I hadn't heard him, so he lifted his head as much as an inch off the ground to look into my eyes.

"I'm so very sorry." It was a whisper, but I heard it.

"What?" I was flabbergasted. He burst into tears.

“I’m SORRY!” he shouted in between sobs. My mind went into panic mode, I grabbed my cum soaked pants and pulled them on and bolted for the door. “Maxter,” he shouted in sobs, “Please, forgive me!” I took one last look back in confusion, had he called me Maxter? Then I saw him spill his guts all over the floor. He started to crawl towards me still completely naked going through his cum and vomit all the while begging for my forgiveness.

I ran from the door and down the corridor in my shorts without my shirt. I heard the door behind me burst open once I got to the staircase. Chad was running after me, his eyes streaked with tears. I just started to flap my wings and ascend the stairs as fast as I could, but Chad was fast on my tail with his muscular legs. He had put his pants on again, but was still shirtless. I started to flap harder to try and get away, but Chad was still gaining ground.

Second story, Third story, Fourth story! I charged the flying escape and was on the roof again with Chad only five yards away.

“Maxter please, just listen” I ran towards the edge, and Chad’s eyes went wide, “No Maxter! Stop!” he shouted and sprinted, but he was just a hair short and I jumped off the edge.

“NO!” he shouted and I made my assent. Once I was a safe distance away I turned and hovered in the air to look at him. His eyes were filled with awe and wonder as I flew. Then I turned and the amazement faded. He didn’t say any words but let out yelps of distress and sadness. As I got farther the sound started to fade until it was nothing.

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I ducked into the grand foyer just before it started to rain cats and dogs. I slammed the door behind me and locked it. I slid to the floor in a confused, panicked mess. I took deep breaths, but wasn’t

getting any air. Why would Chad do that, and why would he be sorry? I tucked my muzzle between my legs and tried to make sense of things, but all I got was the scent of wolf and cum.

I got up and decided to go wash off the confusing scents. I instinctively got dressed and flopped on the couch in the living room. I started to curl up on the sofa and listen to the sound of the thunder rain.

*DING-DONG!*

Who the hell could that be? I'm not expecting any packages. Could mom and dad have sent something from their cruise? I went to the door and pulled back the curtains to look through the doors' glass and I jumped back in surprise. How could Chad have found my house!?

"Go away Chad," I shouted from behind the door. "Preferably, before I call the cops!"

"Please, Maxter." He said from behind the door, "just let me explain. Give me a chance. I'll do anything for your forgiveness."

"Did you ever give me a chance to have a normal life, you bastard!" I had no idea where the words were coming from, but they just exploded from my mouth.

"Please," he said again, pushing up against the glass and cupping his hands over it to get a look inside, "I'll do anything Maxter. I'll wash your floors, massage your back, I'll even lick your feet clean just let me explain that I'm sorry for what I did." I could hear his voice breaking.

"Fuck off Chad!" I said, "Go out in this storm without any clothes where I can see you shiver and cry your pathetic excuses."

"If that is what it takes," Chad pushed away from the door and pulled off his shirt, "I'll stand out in the rain all night if I have to." Before I could say anything, he started to walk away from the overpass

and around the mansion to the back where a giant ornate window took up most of the wall. When I got there I saw he was standing with only his dark jeans on, no shirt no shoes. He started to slowly pull off his pants, slipping them off and leaving him in his black jock strap. That package was swollen to near breaking with his gigantic cock.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing, but...I think I kind of liked it. I felt like I had some sort of hold on Chad and could make him do anything I wanted him to. He started to thrust in the air for me, and I got glimpses of him in the flashing lightning, his jock strap barely holding together. Then Chad started to grope his package, his one paw not able to hold even half of it.

I started to feel my cock becoming painfully erect in my pants and I pulled up a recliner from the room and positioned it in the perfect view of the show. If Chad was going to go gay crazy, then I would be happy to oblige him. I discarded my clothes and sat on my throne to watch my fool entertain me. I noticed that, once I discarded my clothes, Chad's tongue started to hang out and flap uncontrollably as he trusted and danced around the trees like stripper poles. He jumped from rock to rock all the time showing off his package wrapped in the tight fabric now soaked with rain and highlighting the onyx member.

I started to slowly stroke my cock and twist one of my nipples. I noticed that this was going to be my fifth orgasm today or maybe more if Chad could entertain. Chad stopped on a boulder that was close to the house, but was very high and had a jagged tip that he seemed to enjoy. He started to lick the tip of it like it was some massive cock that he wanted to ride like a horse. He got up and positioned his ass over the tip of the rock and slowly lowered himself onto it.

Damn he is good, I always knew Chad was sexy, but this was something else. I've seen muscles on him that I never even knew existed, and that cute bubble butt. He lowered himself onto the tip of the rock piercing his ass. His head rolled back and his tongue lay flapping out the side of his muzzle. He

started to bounce up and down pushing more of the rock up his pucker and his jock strap started to stretch too. His cock was starting to contend the elastic. That sixteen inch anaconda was pushing the fabric farther and farther away until finally his dick pushed its own way out destroying the jock strap.

Fuck he's hot! My nipples and cock were dripping like a breaking dam and were sending thousands of volts of pleasure up my spine. I also felt something odd, my ass was feeling rather empty. I stopped tweaking my nipples to change my position to lay across the armrests so I could finger myself while still watching the show.

Chad looked like he was really enjoying himself; he didn't touch his cock at all, but just bounced up and down on that rock. Then he grabbed his feet and lifted them up above his head forcing the rock deeper into his ass, and he started to lick his own feet and biceps and armpits.

By now my cock and nipples were on the verge of exploding, but this feeling in my ass was amazing. It was ten times better than my nipples and my cock put together. I had all my fingers pistoning in and out of my ass as fast as I could. My ass was leaking juices like some pussy. The smell it gave off saturated the room, it was just like my pre.

Chad was done worshipping himself so he leaned forward to deep-throat his own dick. That sent me over the edge. My cock and nipples exploded, every muscle in my body tensed and the burning sensation welled up in my throat again. I lifted my head and roared my triumph. My fire illuminated the room with color, but wasn't strong enough to hit the high vaulted ceiling. Then...my ass exploded, like a freaking pussy! It was amazing, My mind went insane with pleasure and I almost blacked out from it.

Chad on seeing me explode let out a howl of pure pleasure and exploded, his orgasm lasted twice as long as mine coating his chest in sticky, milky white strands. He eased himself off of the rock



and shakily walked over to the window. He pressed his body up against it, licking the glass with his ruby red tongue and lightly humping.

I smiled and went up to only an inch away from the window. I could hear Chad's whimpers and light sobs as he licked the glass, trying to get through to me. Then I thought of something that would drive him insane. I got even closer, his tongue almost right over my lips and I opened my mouth and breathed on the glass, fogging it up. I wrote backwards in the fog so he could read it.

He licked my finger wherever it went, not paying attention to what I was writing. When I was done I backed up and he read what I wrote.

It said "Good night." He looked at me through the glass with pleading eyes. I went over to the side to close the curtains. I grabbed the string and started to pull. Chads eyes went wide and started to bark in desperation, but not banging on the glass. He constantly stayed on the part of the window that wasn't covered by the shades, but was quickly closing.

He was avoiding the curtains as if they were white sheets of death, sobs escaping his maw, begging me with his desperate eyes and paws. Then he was obscured by the wall of white. Then, as if on cue, he let out a tortured howl. The lightning created a silhouette of him on his knees, head in the air, arms at his sides. Completely helpless, and in unimaginable emotional pain. I almost felt sorry for the guy.

Almost.

I left the room and got ready for bed and I fell to sleep to the sound of his howling cries. My eyes were completely dry for the first time in months.